

Aspirations Of A Writer

by Unexplained Membrane

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Aspirations Of A Writer

Title â€" "Aspirations of A Writer"
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> RATING - PG
 CATEGORY - S
> SPOILERS â€" none
 SUMMARY â€" Annoying things can happen.
> DISCLAIMER: Not mine and never will be.
 FEEDBACK: Will be traded for garden gnomes and pink flamingos.
> ARCHIVE: Anywhere, just let me know.
 DEDICATION: To StarbuckXP24 my partner in crime.
>
 "Hey, Scully, want to come over and watch an episode of 'St. Elsewhere' with me?" Fox Mulder said into the phone.
>
 Wait a minute. Where is the writer? We really need to speak.
>
 ("I'm right here," the writer said as she stepped out from behind the drawing board. "What can I do for you?")
>
 That last line has to go, I would never say that. "St. Elsewhere?" Give me a break! How about a Yankee's game?
>
 (If I change it to a Yankee's game will you let me get on with the story?)
>
 Yes.
>
 "Hey, Scully, want to come over and watch a Yankee's game with me?" Fox Mulder said into the phone.
> "Will you make me popcorn?" Scully asked.
 "Sure. I'll even put butter on it."
>
 ~May I say something?~
>
 (Sure, why not, Scully? Everyone else does.)
>
 ~Why are we being so corny and what is the relevance of that whole popcorn conversation.~
>
 (I thought that it would be interesting to exploreâ€|â€|â€|â€|)
>
 ~Explore? I think not.~
>

 ~Yes.~

>
 "Sure, Mulder, I would love to watch the game with you. I will be there in half an hour."

> "Great. See you then," Mulder said as he hung up the phone. He now had thirty minutes to get his apartment presentable. First, he had to collect all the dirty clothes that were carelessly left about. Next, he had to wash the two weeks worth of dishes that had collected in the sink. Then.....

> **No, no, no that would never happen. I am not a slob.**

> ~You can be.~

> **Hey, it is my time to converse with the writer. If you have something to say lodge your own complaint.**

> ~Reow! Touchy, touchy.~

> **Well, I am not a slob.**

> (Yeah, I heard. I'll change the paragraph, just stop whining.)

> **I do not whining.**

> ~Yes, you do.~

> **Scullyâ€|â€|**

> (Stop!)

> He now had thirty minutes to make his apartment somewhat more presentable.

> (Better?)

> **Better.**

> After doing a little cleaning Mulder still had time to spare, so he decided to sit down to a good book until Scully arrived. Just as he was sitting down, there was a knock at the door.
 "Hi Scullâ€|. Krycek, what are you doing here?"

> "I have come to steal your fish," Krycek said trying to brush past him.

> ~Why the hell would he want to steal Mulder's fish?~

> (I don't know. With all the complaining you two have been doing you made me forget what I was going to write. No, wait I have it. Krycek wants to steal Mulder's fish, so he can use it's DNA to clone rocks.)

> ~I don't think so!~

> (Fine. I'll change it.)

> "I have come to kill you!" Krycek said pulling out a gun.

> **That is so clichÃ©.**

> (Mulder, shut up!)

> Before he could say anything else Mulder lunged for his gun saying, "You will never kill me, Ratboy!"

> **Is there a point to this story?**

> ~I was wondering the same thing.~

> (There used to be.)

> > Hey, why does everyone always call me Ratboy?<

> (Because you are slimy, greasy, and always sneaking around.)

> > But, I don't want to be called Ratboy!<

> (Too bad.)

> A fight for the gun ensued and after much slapping and whining Mulder came up with it.

> **Hey, can I kill Krycek and have sex with Scully?**

> (Maybe.)

> ~Wait a secondâ€|â€|~

> (Silence is golden guys.)

> "Give me the gun, Spooky!" Ratboy said jumping at him.

> **Spooky? Not that again. I detest that name. It is worse than Fox.**

> (Shut up, Mulder.)

> Mulder moved just in time to avoid Krycek's jumping attack and

watched as he crashed through a window. As luck would have it right at that exact moment a mattress truck was parked under the window. Krycek landed safely, much to the dismay of many.
 "We'll meet again, Spooky!" Ratboy yelled as he scampered off into the night.
>
 Tell me why this sounds like a bad episode of "Batman?"

>
 (Because everyone keeps interrupting me, causing me to lose what little train of thought I have.)

>
 After putting plastic on the window Mulder decided to make some popcorn before Scully's arrival.

>
 ~Here we go with the popcorn again.~

>
 A few minutes later there was another knock at the door.

> "Who is it?"
 "It's me."

> "Come in, Scully."

> ~I am still waiting for the point.~

> **Me too.**

> (Has anyone ever told the two of you that you are annoying?)

> ~**No.**~

> (Well, you are and if either of you interrupt me one more time you will both be taking a little trip.)

> "What happened to the window?"
 "Long story, Scully."

> "Am I late?"

> ~Why would I be late? I am never late.~

> **I will have to agree.**

> "Hey, Scully, I have an idea. Let's forego the game and visit the set of 'Sesame Street' instead."
 "Sounds like a great idea, Mulder."

>
 ~What are you doing?~

>
 (Fixing the story.)

>
 Mulder and Scully made their journey to the set of "Sesame Street" and loved it there so much that they decided they no longer wanted to be FBI agents. They both became regulars on the show and are known as "Monkey Mulder" and Scully The Super Squirrel." Loved by millions of children everywhere they now must wear ankle protectors whenever they venture out in public. As for the writer, well, after writing off two annoying characters she decided to quit this story and study for her driving exam.

>
THE END

> **Hehehehehehe, Scully The Super Squirrel.**
 ~Shut up, Mulder!~

> <!--EndFreetext--> <p> <p>

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